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Crawford



Avalanche

JUSTICE AND RIGHT

VOLUME XLVIII

FISHERMEN THREATEN TO BOLT

With the opening of the trout season but two weeks ago, the state department of conservation has received several threats from western Michigan fishermen that they intend to go on the Pine and Pere Marquette rivers and violate the order of the conservation commission, limiting the streams to fly fishing only.

There has been a lot of dissatisfaction emanating from several sources to have the Pere Marquette order set aside.

In addition to the Pere Marquette and Pine rivers, both branches of the Au Sable, Kinney creek which is entirely within the property of the Kinney Creek club, and Club Stream are the only purely fly streams in the lower peninsula. Salmon river in Marquette county and the middle branch of the Ontonagon river are the two fly streams in the upper peninsula.

In order that the fly fishing orders are strictly enforced Director John Baird of the conservation department has ordered a re-assessment of game warden for the opening of the season, and there will be several additional ones to guard over the fly streams.

"As I get the stories, some of these west Michigan fishermen plan to violate our order and either demand or a jury trial to get out of trouble, or in their case to the supreme court to test the discretionary power act said Director Baird. "If these fishermen who object to the fly order want to test out the net, they will be afforded the opportunity. Our department on the fly streams will have orders to arrest all offenders and look them up for a hearing if it is evident that the violation is a willful one. We are ready to test out the discretionary power act so if the trout fishermen are ready, I am serving notice on them now that we are also."

The long limit on trout this year is one day and 25 in possession at one time, with a seven inch length for streams open to all types of fishing and eight inches on the fly streams.

Careful study is to be made from the opening of the season of the fly streams, and by fall the state should have a pretty good line on the advisability of the order. These streams are carefully planted if they have not already been this spring, and available statistics will be gotten together.

In order to assist the fishermen in not violating the law the state department is having printed fish regulations, and includes in the ledger list of all streams open to trout fishing. These are now in the hands of the state printers and will be sent out to fishermen in various sections of the state next week.

Director John Baird's ruling that there are no fishing regulations in the connecting waters with the Great Lakes in the spring has brought a lot of commendatory letters to the department. While fishing in the spring has been permitted in some lakes connecting with the Great Lakes, has been barred in others, but Baird decided to put a liberal interpretation on the law this year and make the enforcement regulations uniform in all parts of the state. When the legislature meets again he proposes to submit a bill which will closely define connecting waters and make the rules of regulating fishing in these lakes more uniform.

Walleye pike, pike and perch are

already being taken in large numbers from lakes where the ice is out.

Unless warmer weather comes soon indications are that the lower as well as upper peninsula will have another late bass spawning season this year.

In many of the good bass lakes in the lower peninsula there is still a large amount of ice. At this time of the year the ice is generally out of most lower peninsula lakes, but in many as far south as Lansing is a large amount of ice, and much of it is still solid. Lake bass will not spawn until the weather warms up. Under the discretionary power act the conservation commission could set the season back, but such steps will not be taken unless absolutely necessary to protect the fish in spawning season. The bass season in the lower peninsula opens June 15 and July 1 above the straits of Mackinac.

The next regular meeting of the conservation commission will be held April 26, at which time P. S. Lovejoy, who is in charge of the survey of the state to select sites for five large game preserves will outline plans for his study.

Large numbers of requests from local sportsmen's organizations and land owners are daily coming into the department, suggesting locations for the game preserves. Natural resources will first be taken into consideration by the department in deciding upon locations, but a secondary and rather important consideration will also be the attitude of local hunters in co-operating with the state in the enforcement of the game laws.

During the last two or three years there has been a growing tendency on the part of the sportsmen in co-operating with the state in the enforcement of the game laws. Mrs. George Thompson, who was formerly Miss Elora Hanson, daughter of Mrs. Walter Hanson of this city, Mr. Thompson was for many years the Michigan Central agent at Frederic. They are now living in Santa Fe, Ed. (By Mrs. G. A. Thompson)

Santa Fe is truly "The City Different" for no other city can boast of such an exclusive style of architecture and a wonderful health giving atmosphere and for luxuries. The women are potter as are most all women of Indian tribes. Their jars are nicely balanced and are painted in Indian designs. There are many different tribes of Indians—Pueblos, Isletas, Pueblo, Pojoque, Santo Domingo, Navajo, Santa Clara and San Pedro, and many others throughout the southwest.

Santa Fe is booming and will continue to do so as the Easterners find their way to this wonderful climate. Not enough has been said in regard to our wonderful climate. We are at an altitude of 7000 feet with a climate that is very invigorating, full of sunshine, free from mosquitoes, fleas, terrific heat and dust. Summers are cool and winters comparatively mild. The temperature of July, supposed to be the hottest month, is 60 degrees.

The highest daily temperature would be 81 degrees while the lowest is 51 degrees. It is always cool in the shade and nights are cool, requiring one or two more comforts.

Santa Fe is full of health seekers and many of our present busy business men are cures. In the center of this quaint city stands the Plaza (a park) around which the city is built, where bands play in summer and it also provides a place for the yearly fiesta in August. The Plaza marks the end of the old Santa Fe trail. There is a marker, a huge monument, a mixture of red clay, straw and water, moulded into sizes of our mission blocks—the houses become very thick. Of course walls of homes and erected by the Daughters of the American Revolution and the Territorial government for protection or fortification of New Mexico, 1910. The

In January the shipments set a new record of 23,265 cars, which is 45 better than the mark of last October. In February the record of the previous month was beaten by 29 cars. The March record smashed the one of February by 2,011 cars.

In addition, the average shipments for the eight month period was 22,865 cars. This average also breaks the single month record made last October. Production to date of the current series is 182,923 cars, all of which have been shipped from the factory. The Buick plant has been operating at capacity continuously since August 1, 1926, when the 1926 models were first introduced.

E. T. Strong, General Sales Manager, gave some hint of what Buick was accomplishing in an interview two weeks ago. He stated that for the first time he could remember, Buick dealers had been able to stock only a very few cars in anticipation of the spring demand. Shipments have been going into the hands of owners as soon as they arrived from the factory, he said. The statement was based on personal observations made during an annual trip around the country in which he visited practically every state.

Indications of what Buick expected in 1926 were furnished by Harry H. Bassett, President and General Manager. Bassett stated in an interview last fall that \$2,000,000 would be spent for plant expansion in order to increase production to 120,000 cars a day in anticipation of a bumper year. One of the most important developments in this expansion program in the United States, which it is said, is the most nearly automatic assembly system yet devised. According to Bassett, details of the United Line will be released to the public within the next thirty days.

GOVERNMENT PRODUCES FOR EST FILM

"What the Forest Means to You" is a two-reel picture showing the fundamental relation of the forest to the maintenance of our civilization, has just been released by the United States Department of Agriculture. The picture points out that the very leaves of the forest are of prime importance to civilization, through their bearing on soil fertility and upon the control of the water supply, and goes on to show the economic importance of the forest in various other ways. An important feature of the picture is a series of scenes devoted to the activities of a lumbering concern that is handling a tract of timberland in Arkansas in such a way that the forest will keep the mills of the concern running perpetually. Scenic shots of exceptional beauty lend interest to this picture, as well as some scenes showing wood working activities now rather out of the ordinary, such as the making of split-bottomed chairs in the Ozarks, and "riving" shingles with mallet and froe.

For safety
Sorenson Bros.
The Home of Dependable Furniture

GRAYLING, MICHIGAN, APRIL 22, 1926

OSCAR P. SCHUMANN, Editor and Proprietor

NUMBER 16

Home Traffic Signals



B. OF T. HOLDS MONTHLY MEETING

There was a fairly good attendance at the regular monthly meeting of the Board of Trade Tuesday night. Many matters of vital importance were brought up. This looks as though it was going to be a big year for this county. Much money is going to be left here, and if the tourists are given the kind of reception and courtesies that they like, they are going to linger just that much longer. That will mean more money will be left here.

The club rooms need re-decorating and the house committee has been authorized to get estimates on the cost of same. It has been fifteen years since the last decorating was done. Its present condition is no credit to the city, and no doubt will be remedied soon.

Announcement was made to the board by President Gillett of the convention of the Northeastern Michigan Federation of Women's clubs that will be held here May 10-11. This takes in the district from and including Bay City to Mackinaw City, and represents 33 clubs. About 100 members are expected. The Board of Trade has been asked to provide literature of information concerning Grayling and vicinity for distribution during the convention. This means much for Grayling and affords one of the best kind of opportunities for keeping Grayling on the map. This city has been foremost in almost everything ever since its inception and we must keep our best foot forward at all times. Let's send the delegates home with the most kindly and friendly feeling for Grayling and Grayling people.

The Isleta Indians are proud people for the fact that they are entirely self supporting and own and control their own lands. The men of Isleta are farmers and sheep raisers, they raise enough to live on and trade with the white people for machine-made articles and for luxuries. The women are potter as are most all women of Indian tribes. Their jars are nicely balanced and are painted in Indian designs. There are many different tribes of Indians—Pueblos, Isletas, Pueblo, Pojoque, Santo Domingo, Navajo, Santa Clara and San Pedro, and many others throughout the southwest.

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The next noon luncheon of the board will be held the first Tuesday in May.

SUPERVISORS APPOINT STANDING COMMITTEES

The first session of the newly elected board of supervisors was held the first of the week, beginning Monday afternoon and continuing to Wednesday afternoon.

James E. Kellogg of Lovells was elected chairman of the board. This begins the fourteenth consecutive year as supervisor by Mr. Kellogg for his township. He is well versed in county affairs and is sure will direct the actions of the board in an able and constructive manner.

The new members of the board are George Annis of Beaver Creek. This in first year in that office. Oliver B. Scott of South Branch township has served the board on previous occasions. The old members to return are Floyd A. Goshorn, Frederic; Rufus Edmonds, Maple Forest; James E. Kellogg, Lovells, and Tony Nelson.

Sheriff Owen came near having

his boat on the lake Saturday.

The chilly air added to their high life, and in their play one got astride the tongue and then there was music. Owen was thrown from the bugay and quite severely shaken and bruised, and the inside of one hand skinned by striking on a wire. There was but little other damage.

Why is a newspaper a woman? was a problem printed in a paper recently. The various answers were given: "Because both have to be known to be appreciated." "Because it has to have something to run it." "Because it changes its dress." The correct answer is: "Because even mad should have one in his pocket not be running after his neighbor."

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SALE OF Used Cars

Ford Touring—starter type, in good shape
\$70.00 Terms to suit

Ford Truck—a money maker for
\$100.00 Terms to suit

1924 Overland Touring—winter top, just over-hauled, good tires **\$75.00** drives it away.
Balance in easy payments

1924 Star Coupe—good shape, new tires; a bargain

PHONE 883

Frank X. Tetu

CRAWFORD AVALANCHE

HELPING IN THE HOME

O. F. SCHUMANN, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One Year—\$2.00
Six Months—\$1.00
Three Months—\$0.50
Outside of Crawford County and Roscommon per year—\$2.50

THURSDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1926

WILLIAM MOSHIER has just returned home from spending the winter in Florida. He says that the people there predict a tremendous summer tourist patronage this summer and the outlook for Northern Michigan is great. However, just as soon as he reached Grayling he has to hear the song of the pessimist, "don't spend any money in Grayling."

It's a sweet song, indeed, but should be sung down a deep, deep well where the singer alone may hear it. If the people here would only wake up to their best interests they would turn over a new leaf and begin cleaning up their yards and by beautifying their homes with trees and shrubbery, paint their houses and in general try and show an air of progressiveness, then, perhaps, life would be more becoming and more interesting. There are some homes here that are very neatly kept up, but there are a lot that can easily be improved, and without a lot of effort except work on the part of the owner. Let's cut out the funeral stuff and begin to wake up to our own interests.

Here's hoping that the stock market has recovered from its slipping sickness.

A DIRTY-FACED COMMUNITY

(By E. M. T. Service)
Here in Michigan when we have a human who hasn't sense enough to feed himself who goes about dirty-faced and with the seat out of his trousers, we send him to the home for the feeble-minded or to the Traverse City asylum for the insane. But when a whole town is "out of its head" there's no home for whole towns. When streets and lanes and fence corners and yards are unkempt, the town is dirty-faced. The bosom of earth in town is the town's face. Sometimes its ears are dirty. That's the best way to get a haircut, never get a hair cut nor shave. That's when lawns are not mowed or weeds cut along the highway. It may have a button off its pants. That's a gate hanging by one hinge. No collar or necktie is when there are no flowers or shrubbery to help gladden life on Sunday morning when church bells ring and the sun is warm. All this is bad enough, but when a town does not know enough to feed itself and be healthy it's a sign of feeble mindedness. Making East Michigan attractive and beautiful is the one way to sell such sights for cash, to summer visitors who leave money with us. Their money is good money. It jingles. It pays mortgages. It settles doctor's bills and pays hired help. It's a whale of a crop, Michigan's third largest industry. It helps us all to eat good things. By it we help feed ourselves. When we drive people away by not attracting them with beauty—then are we feeble minded?

Score another point for the Mellon plan; seventy-five cent theater ticket, which have been costing eighty-five are now back to par.

FREDERIC NEWS

Samuel Butts accompanied Mrs. Eddyburn and daughter Myrtle to the social gathering given at the school house last Friday evening.

Chester Burke has returned to Toledo after spending the week with his parents Mr. and Mrs. John Burke.

There were about three hundred people present at the social gathering given at the school house last Friday evening.

Mrs. Raymond Armstrong has gone to Saginaw where she expects to make her future home.

Robert Hunter has gone to Saginaw where he has accepted a position.

Summer is coming, slow but sure. Don Sheldon is home from Florida after spending the winter there. No place like home, "Eh Don?"

Mrs. William Apps and family have moved to Saginaw.

J. J. Higgins has improved the interior of his store with a coat of paint.

Patrick Fophan was a caller in Frederic Monday. He has returned to his home in Saginaw.

John Walters accompanied his daughter Eric to Saginaw last Thursday where she will attend high school. Miss Evelyn Dormire who has been very ill the past three weeks is much improved at this writing.

Pennsylvania has an epidemic of measles but that isn't quite as bad as its present political epidemic.

Maybe those Japs who are supposed to be slipping into Mexico are only also notice to the South American editors that the United States will not substitute the Council of the League of Nations for the Monroe Doctrine.

ADVICE WORTH HEEDING

Secretary Mellon, who has made his administration of Treasury department memorable by sweeping tax reductions, in writing to House Committee on Irrigation, which is considering Swing-Johnson-Boulder Canyon bill that proposes an expenditure of \$120,000,000 for construction of a power and irrigation project, said:

"I believe that, in general, sound public policy in America, as elsewhere, is to encourage private initiative, and not to have governmental ownership or operations of projects which can be handled by private capital under proper governmental regulations. The government operation of railroads in this country was our largest experiment in this line, and a comparison of public and private operation in that field justifies my faith in private enterprise. Canadian and European experience is the same."

"To get the government out of business, whether it be in banks, utilities or monopolies, has become one of the most essential steps to permanent fiscal restoration of Europe, and I am loath to have the United States embark upon enterprises not strictly governmental in their nature.

"The fact that a government can furnish capital at a lower rate of interest is illusory. If there be taken into account that the public project pays no tax, and therefore does not bear its share of the cost of government. It seems to me that if the project is one which can pay its way, private capital can be found. If it cannot pay its way, then we should consider whether all the taxpayers throughout the United States should be taxed for the benefit of a part of the country."

Really things are looking better. The baseball season is open and the League of Nations won't meet again until September.

TAX REDUCTION INCREASES REVENUES

After words of abuse, Secretary Mellon secured legislation from Congress making tax cuts in many features of the income and revenue act of 1924.

Figures are already shown that tax reductions provided in the new law will increase the revenues by \$31,000,000. Expectation of tax reduction by the Mellon bill has encouraged business and investments that are being felt all over our country.

But faster than the federal government can reduce the tax-rate, local authorities are piling new burdens on the public. State and municipalities are spending more than they take in, they pay with taxes as far as they will go, and make up the deficit with bond issues.

The National Industrial Conference Board has prepared figures showing just how far the future is being mortgaged by local tax financing.

In 1924, local governments spent 52.7 per cent, or more than one-half

of the total tax expenditures of the nation. But these municipalities raised only 17.4 of the total taxes during that year.

State governments spent 15.5 per cent of the total of 1924 expenditures, while raising only 13.5 per cent by levying taxes. In both cases the deficiency was made up by borrowing (issuing bonds).

On the other hand, the federal government spent 31.8 per cent, or less than one-third of all public expenditures in 1924, but raised 39.1 per cent of all taxation. The difference helped pay the public debt.

To be an accomplished home maker is one of the jewels that make for happier and more successful lives. Learn to cook, bake and sew while in the home it pays.

SUNDAY SPEEDSTERS

It was only last summer so you probably haven't forgotten that the first thing that you did when you picked up your Monday morning newspaper was to look for the list of dead and injured in Sunday automobile accidents. It is a peculiar thing, something that psychologists have been unable to reason out, why it is

that the average motorist seems to go mad when he gets behind the wheel on Sunday and succeeds in making a Roman holiday out of this innocent form of recreation.

Fast and furious driving seems to mark that day above all others. Many are the accidents and innumerable the near-accidents. Add to these the jangled nerves, the tired bodies and the frazzled spirit of the family that rises early, feverishly gets the car ready, and then starts out on the quest, apparently, of seeing how far they can drive in one brief day.

What is the sense of it all? Have we improved over the unnaturally quiet and sedate Sabbaths of our ancestors? At least they received the gift for which the Sabbath was made, rest and recreation of body, mind and spirit. Any modern observance of the day that does not bring with it these two necessities of life, is sheerest folly.

The early symptoms of pyorrhoea

are usually redness of the gums and bleeding when the tooth brush is used.

Gums should not bleed even

under the most vigorous brushing with a stiff brush. Normally the

gums should be hard and dense and

highly resistant to the force which

might be applied in the chewing of

hard foods. Bleeding is always an

indication of the first steps toward

pyorrhoea.

As a result of a vast amount of

experimental research it has been

shown that many forms of infection

in and about the teeth affect the general health of the individual. It was

found that many people who suffer

from rheumatism, neuritis, and various

disturbances of the heart, liver, kidneys and skin, frequently recover

from their ailments when diseased

teeth are extracted.

No wonder then those who believe

in preventive work urge dental clinics. We are very fortunate in being able to have one.

A COMMENDABLE WEEK

This is "American Forestry Week," and of all the special weeks in the year it is one of the best. There is something wrong with the individual

who does not love a growing tree, for trees more than anything else represent the divine intent of nature. Thus

in this special week it is hoped that for

forestry conservation will receive such an impetus that before many years the

barren hillsides of the Commonwealth

will once more be covered with a

growing crop of green. What a

splendid thing it would be if every

man, woman and child joined in a

movement to restore to Michigan its

old time forests, its clear running

streams, its unpolluted lakes, the lat-

ter two filled with millions of fish

for public consumption. Let us re-

solve this day to set our hand to the

task—it is a duty we owe to posterity.

ICE

The Prohibition hearings have held

the center of the stage during the

past week. Both the Wets and the

Dry have had their innings, but the

end is not yet. There is no gainsay-

ing that the women made an extra-

ordinary showing. They did more than

merely present evidence in support of

their side of the case, they displayed

a militantly aggressive spirit which

the political leaders must recognize.

It was impossible to attend the hearings and watch the proceedings without noting that even the sitting mem-

bers of the committee who at the be-

ginning were apparently inclined to

regard the protest of the women as a

part of the record, became exceedingly

interested before the close, at the

strength which the women displayed,

and their determination that the law

should not be changed.

President Coolidge's address was

also notice to the South American

editors that the United States will

not substitute the Council of the

League of Nations for the Monroe

Doctrine.

PLAYING SAFE

President Coolidge re-iterated his

position and the position of the Re-

publican party on the League of Na-

tions in his address at the laying of

the corner stone of the new National

Press Building.

"While we have clearly declared

our wish to assist in promoting ju-

venile among nations," he said, "we

have just as clearly declared our in-

tention to refrain from interfering in

the political affairs of others by re-

fusing to adhere to the League of Na-

tions."

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So far as we are able to learn the

Countess Cathcart went home with-

out telling us how much we owe to</

SUCH IS LIFE

Van Zelm

FAIR WARNING



LOCAL NEWS

CEDAR ST.

THURSDAY, APRIL 15TH, 1926

EACH DAY

Finish every day and be done with it. You have done what you could. Some blunders and absurdities crept in—forget them as soon as you can. Tomorrow is a new day. You should begin it well and serenely, and with too high spirit to be encumbered with your old nonsense. —Emerson.

Is Spring really here?

There will be a dancing party at the Board of Trade rooms Friday evening, April 23, for members and their wives.

Mrs. Mary Hitzel returned Sunday morning from Detroit where she has been spending the past couple months visiting relatives and friends.

Hugo Schreiber, Sr., who underwent an operation at Morey hospital the fore part of last week is improving rapidly.

There will be a "500" and pedigree party at the American Legion hall Saturday evening, May 1st, to be given by the N. L. V. S. and I. N. I. Everybody welcome.

The N. L. V. S. and I. N. I. will give one of their pleasant and parties at the American Legion hall Saturday evening, May 1st. All are cordially invited to attend.

Charles Cowin yesterday purchased the farm stock, implements and tools of Albert Hoffman, of Sibley, and will move them to his farm in Pere Marquette. The Hoffman family was just in the bloom of youth full of life and hope, when she began selling. She was a Junior in the Gaylord high school and when her health began to fail she was urged to give up her studies, but she was anxious to continue her schooling. She was brought to Morey hospital a week preceding her demise, but her case was a hopeless one, she remained in a state of coma until death came. Her illness being sleeping sickness, her parents and sisters who were ever at her bedside, are grief-stricken. Miss Angela Ambroski, who operated the Hat shop, for several years and at present is in charge of the millinery at the Nelson & Cadey store, and Miss Michelin, who this year will graduate from the Morey hospital training school are well and favorably known in Grayling and vicinity.

Rita B. D. Smith and Director M. A. Bates left Tuesday morning by auto for Lansing and other places to give teachers for the coming school year. Mrs. Bates, who accompanied them, stopped in Pontiac, where she will visit her daughter Mrs. Benjamin Eason.

Attracting a great deal of attention is the window in the Grayling Mercantile company store, which has a display of articles used in German warfare and that were actually used during the late World War. It consists of guns, grenades, helmets and other things, and each American Legion Post receives a portion according to its size. This is the local Post's quota.

Mrs. Mary E. Knight, a resident of Grayling, a long number of years, was away at Morey hospital last night, following an operation performed yesterday morning for a severe case of hernia. Mrs. Knight for many years operated a boarding and rooming house on Cedar street, and was well known. She was a member of Grayling Chapter O. E. S. No. 82, and of Grayling Rebekah Lodge. Funeral arrangements have not yet been completed.

Mrs. Frank Ahman left last night for New York City, from which place she will sail on April 29th on board the ship Oscar II for an extended visit with relatives and friends in her native home, Norway. She will first go to Oslo, Norway, where she resides, and before returning will also visit in Sweden. Henry Ahman, who is attending the University of Michigan, came home to visit his mother before her departure Wednesday, accompanying her as far as Detroit. Mrs. Ahman is wished a bon voyage and a pleasant visit.

PARAGRAPHS CONCERNING MICHIGAN

(By Ed A. Nowack)

John Jeffers and Ernest Goff of Saginaw were here Tuesday on business.

George Eukne was in Flint this week attending a convention of Delco lighting salesmen and officials.

W. S. Linton of Saginaw and Wm. Black of Lansing, representing the state highway department, were in the city on business Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Lindner of Bay City are the proud parents of a son, A. P. Lindner, Jr., born Friday, April 16th. The mother will be remembered as Miss Greva Hewitt formerly of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Ahman celebrated their silver wedding anniversary Wednesday and were the recipients of many beautiful sentiments and gifts, besides being wished many more years of happy wedded bliss.

Central Drug store has just installed a new Manicure fountain made by the Liquid Carbonic company of Chicago. The fountain is combined with the Frigidaire cabinet and with this equipment Carlis says he can serve twice as many customers and do it better. Coca Cola and root beer are made automatically and is better than ever before. This is a nice addition to the store.

The sad death of Miss Agnes Ambroski of Gaylord at Morey hospital at 8:00 o'clock Friday morning was a severe blow to her relatives and friends. The young lady, age seventeen, was just in the bloom of youth full of life and hope, when she began selling.

There will be a "500" and pedigree party at the American Legion hall Saturday evening, May 1st, to be given by the N. L. V. S. and I. N. I. Everybody welcome.

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UNSELFISH IDEALISM BEHIND LOCAL NEWSPAPERS

The local newspaper in the United States is each year getting on a firmer foundation and becoming more and more useful to the home community.

It is the home newspaper which boosts the town year in and year out, which takes the lead in every enterprise which has for its purpose the upbuilding of the community.

We frequently hear it said that the old-time independent spirit of the newspaper is gone, that its editorial policy is now subservient to the business office. Yet this is not true. There is more unselfish idealism in the average local newspaper than in any other business enterprise. It frequently speaks out in the way which it believes will be for the good of the nation and of the community, regardless of what the consequences may be from a business standpoint.

The local newspaper is the principal booster of the community, and it does its boosting often without hope of material reward. Unfortunate is the community which neither appreciates nor supports its local newspapers—Wisconsin State Journal.

DEVELOPMENT BUREAU AGRICULTURAL/AGENT ON JOB

L. L. Drake, formerly of Michigan State College Extension department, who took on his new duties as special agricultural agent for the Northeastern Michigan Development Bureau April 12, has already given some demonstration of what his association with the Development Bureau will mean in the way of activity and agricultural progress for the district. Requests for his presence at meetings and for his aid in planned projects had begun to develop before he had begun work and it is anticipated that in a very short time he will be a very busy man.

Mr. Drake was at Onaway Thursday, April 13 and in co-operation with Mr. Dennison, of Michigan State Extension department adopted a tentative program of activity for this section that is expected to accomplish a lot.

He addressed the Pineywood Booster's Club Monday night, April 19, at a big meeting which was planned in connection with the visit of the New York Central Soils Demonstration Train. The Pineywood Boosters' club has a large membership among the farmers. Other scheduled dates on Mr. Drake's program are April 27, Glencoe; April 28, Lincoln; April 29, Harrisville and April 30, East Tawas.

SESQUICENTENNIAL ADMINISTRATION BUILDING NOW OCCUPIED

The Administration Building of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1, is now occupied by the office staff of the Corporation, incorporating new ways of adapting the home to radio.

Special bus plugs for the radio wires are part of the equipment of the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition, to be held in Philadelphia from June 1 to December 1, is now occupied by the office staff of the Corporation, incorporating new ways of adapting the home to radio.

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BAREE

SON OF KAZAN

by
JAMES OLIVER
CURWOOD.

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—Part wolf, part dog, when two months old, Baree has his first meeting with an enemy, Papaychisew (young owl). Fighting hard, the antagonists are suddenly plunged into a hole, and Baree is lost.

CHAPTER II.—Baree, half-frightened, and half-drawn, Baree is finally flung on the bank, but the water has destroyed his sense of direction and he is lost. Baree is alone and hungry, and his life is one of fear and distress. He finally wanders into the trapping grounds of a halfbreed, Pierrot. Pierrot and his dog, Nepeese, trap Baree. Baree is shot and wounded, but he escapes.

Chapter III

Baree's fight with Ochoomisew was good medicine for him. It not only gave him great confidence in himself, but it also cleared the rever of ugliness from his blood. He no longer snapped and snarled at things as he went on through the night.

His wound was much less painful the next day, and by nightfall he scarcely had noticed it at all. Since his almost tragic end at the hands of Nepeese, he had been travelling in a general northeasterly direction, following instinctively the run of the waterways—but his progress had been slow, and when darkness came again he was not more than eight or ten miles from the hole into which he had fallen after the Willow had shot him.

All sounds now held no meaning for Baree. Swiftly he was coming into his knowledge of the wilderness. His eyes gleamed; his blood thrilled. For many minutes at a time he scarcely moved. But of all the sounds that came to him, the wolfish thrilled him most. Again and again he listened to it. At times it was far away, so far that it was like a whisper, dying away when before it reached him; and then again it would come to him full-throated, hot with the breath of the chase, calling him to the red thrill of the hunt, to the wild orgy of torn flesh and running blood, calling, calling, calling. That was it, calling him to his own kin, to the home of his bone and the flesh of his flesh, to the wild, fierce hunting packs of his mother's tribe. It was Gray-Wolf's voice seeking him in the night—Gray-Wolf's blood inviting him to the Brotherhood of the Pack.

Baree trembled as he listened. In his throat he whined softly. He edged to the sheer face of a rock. He wanted to go; nature was urging him to go. But the call of the wild was struggling against odds, for in him was the dog, with its generations of subdued and sleeping instincts—an all that night the dog in him kept Baree to the top of his rock.

Next morning Baree found many crawfish along the creek, and he feasted on their succulent flesh until he felt that he would never be hungry again. Nothing had tasted quite so good since he had eaten the part of which he had robbed Sekosow the emuine.

In the middle of the afternoon Baree came into a part of the forest that was very quiet and very peaceful. The creek had deepened. In places its banks swept out until they formed small ponds. Twice he made considerable detours to get around these ponds. He travelled very quietly, listening and watching. Not since the ill-fated day he had left the old willow had he felt quite so much at home as now. It seemed to him that at last he was in the country which he knew, where he would find friends. Perhaps this was another instinct—of instinct—of nature. For he was in old Beaver-tooth's domain. It was here that his father and mother had hunted in the days before he was born. It was not far from here that Kazan and Beaver-tooth had fought that mighty duel under water, from which Kazan had escaped with his life, and out another breath to lose.

The forest grew deeper. It was wonderful. There was no undergrowth and traveling under the trees was like being in a vast, mystery-filled cavern, through the roof of which the light of day broke softly, brightened here and there by golden splashes of the sun. For a mile Baree made his way quietly through this forest. He saw nothing but a few winged flitting of birds; there was almost no sound. Then he came to a still larger pond. Around this pond there was a thick growth of alders and willows; the larger trees had thinned out. He saw the glimmer of afternoon sunlight on the water—and then, all at once, he heard life.

There had been few changes in Beaver-tooth's colony since the days of his tend with Kazan and the others. Old Beaver-tooth was still older. He was fat. He slept a great deal, and perhaps he was less cautious. He was dozing on the great mud-and-brushwood dam of which he had been engineer in chief, when Baree came out softly on a high bank thirty or forty feet away. So noiseless had Baree been that none of the beavers had seen or heard him. He squatted himself flat on his belly, hid behind a tuft of grass, and with eager interest watched every movement. Beaver-tooth was rousing himself. He stood on his short legs for a moment; then he tilted himself up on his broad, flat tail like a soldier at attention, and with a sudden whistle dived into the pond with a great splash.

In another moment it seemed to Baree that the pond was alive with beavers. Heads and bodies appeared and disappeared, rushing this way and

that through the water in a manner that amazed and puzzled him. It was the colony's evening frolic. Tails hit the water like flat boards. Odd whistlings rose above the splashing—and then as suddenly as it had begun, the play came to an end. There were probably twenty beavers, not counting the young, and as guided by a common signal—something which Baree had not heard—they became so quiet that hardly a sound could be heard in the pond. A few of them sank under the water and disappeared entirely, but most of them Baree could watch as they drew themselves out on shore. The beavers lost no time in getting

at their labor, and Baree watched and listened without so much as rustling a blade of the grass in which he was concealed. He was trying to understand. He was striving to place these curious and comfortable-looking creatures in his knowledge of things. And then, close under him—not more than ten feet from where he lay—he saw something that almost gave voice to the puppyish longing for companionhip that was in him.

Down there, on a clear strip of the shore that rose out of the soft mud of the pond, wallowed fat little Unisks and three of his playmates. Unisk was just about Baree's age, perhaps a week or two younger. But he was fully as heavy, and almost as wide as he was long. Nature can produce no four-footed creature that is more lumpy than a baby beaver, unless it's a puppy-beaver; and Unisk would have taken first prize at any beaver beauty show in the world. His three companions were a bit smaller. They came waddling from behind a low willow, making queer little chattering noises, their little flat tails dragging like the shadows behind them. They were fat and clumsy, and mighty friendly looking to Baree, and his heart beat a sudden, swift pit-a-pit of joy.

But Baree did not move. He scarcely breathed. And then, suddenly, Unisk turned on one of his playmates and howled over him. Instantly the other two were off, and the three little beavers rolled over and over, kicking with their short feet and spitting with their tails, and all the time emitting soft little squeaking cries.

Baree knew that it was not fight, but frolic. He rose up on his feet. He forgot where he was, forgot everything in the world—but those playfully fury balls. For the moment all the hard training nature had been giving him was lost. He was no longer a fighter, no longer a hunter, no longer a seeker after food. He was a puppy, and in him there rose a desire that was greater than hunger. He wanted to go down there with Unisk and his little chums and roll and play. He wanted to tell them, if such a thing were possible, that he had lost his mother and his home, and that he had been having a mighty hard time of it, and that he would like to stay with them and their mothers and fathers if they didn't care.

In his throat there came the least bit of a whine. It was so low that Unisk and his playmates did not hear it. They were tremendously busy. Softly Baree took his first step toward them, and then another—and at last he stood on the narrow strip of shore within half-a-dozen feet of them. His sharp little ears were pitched forward, and he was wiggling his tail just as he could, and every muscle in his body was trembling in anticipation. It was then that Unisk saw him, and his fat little body became suddenly as motionless as a stone.

"Hello!" said Baree, wiggling his whole body and talking as plainly as a human tongue could talk. "Do you care if I play with you?"

Unisk made no response. His three playmates now had their eyes on Baree. They didn't make a move. They looked stunned. Four pairs of staring wondering eyes were fixed on the stranger.

Baree made another effort. He grovelled on his forefeet, while his tail and hindfeet continued to wiggle and with a snif he grabbed a bit of stick between his teeth.

"Come on, let me in," he urged. "I know how to play."

He tossed the stick in the air as if to prove what he was saying, and gave a little yap.

Unisk and his brothers were like dummies.

And then, of a sudden, some one saw Baree. It was a big beaver swimming down the pond with a snapping climber for the new pond that was under way. Instantly he leaped his hold and faced the shore. And then, like the report of a rifle, there came the crack of his big flat tail on the water—the beaver's signal of danger that on a quiet night can be heard half a mile away.

"Danger," it warned. "Danger—danger—danger!"

Scarcely had the signal gone forth when tails were cracking in all directions—in the pond, in the hidden canals, in the thick willows and alders. To Unisk and his companions they said:

"Run for your lives!"

Baree stood rigid and motionless now. In amazement he watched the four little beavers plunge into the pond and disappear. He heard the sounds of other and heavier bodies striking the water. And then there followed a strange and disquieting silence. Softly to Unisk and his companions they said:

"Scarcely swifter was he than Nepeese."



I Know How to Play.

A great loneliness swept over him—a loneliness greater even than of his first night away from his mother. He had not found comradeship. And his heart was very sad.

Chapter IV

For two or three days Baree's excursions after food took him farther away from the pond. But each afternoon he returned to it until the third day, when he discovered a new creek, and Wakayoo. The creek was fully two miles back in the forest. It sang merrily over a gravelly bed and between claus walls of split rock. It formed deep pools and foaming eddies, and where Baree first struck it, it tumbled with the distant thunder of a waterfall. It was much pleasanter than the dark and silent beaver stream. It seemed possessed of life, and the rush and tumult of it—the song and thunder of the water—gave Baree entirely new sensations. He made his way along it slowly and cautiously, and it was because of this slowness and caution that he came suddenly and unobserved upon Wakayoo, the big black bear, hard at work fishing.

Wakayoo stood knee-deep in a pool that had formed behind a sand bar, and he was having tremendously good luck. Even as Baree shrank back, his eyes popping at sight of this monster he had seen but once before in the gloom of night, one of Wakayoo's big paws sent a great splash of water high in the air, and a fish landed on the pebbly shore. A life-time before the suckers had run up the creek in their tens to spawn, and the rapid leaping of the water had caught many of them in these poison pools. Wakayoo's fat, sleek body was evidence of the prosperity this circumstance had brought him. Although it was a little past the prime season for bearfish, Wakayoo's coat was splendidly thick and black.

For a quarter of an hour Baree watched him while he knocked fish out of the pool. When at last he stopped there were twenty or thirty fish among the stones, some of them dead and others still hopping. From where he lay flattened out between two rocks Baree could hear the crunching of flesh and bone as the bear devoured his dinner. It sounded good, and the fresh smell of fish filled him with a craving that had never been roused by crayfish or even partridge.

In spite of his fat and his size Wakayoo was not a glutton, and after he had eaten his fourth fish he pawed all the others together in a pile, partly covered them by raking up sand and

stones with his long claws, and finished his work of raking by breaking down a small balsam sapling so that the fish were entirely concealed. Then he hurried slowly away in the direction of the rumbling waterfall.

Twenty seconds after the last of Wakayoo had disappeared in a burrow of the creek, Baree was under the broken balsam. He dragged out a fish that was still alive. He ate the whole of it, and it was delicious.

Baree now found that Wakayoo had solved the food problem for him, and this day he did not return to the beaver pond, nor the next. The big bear was incessantly fishing up and down the creek, and any after day Baree continued his feasts.

For a week life was exceedingly pleasant. And then came the break—the change that was destined to mean as much for Baree as that other day long ago, had meant for Kazan, his father, when he killed the man-brute in the edge of the wilderness.

This change came on the day when, in trudging around a great rock near the waterfall, Baree found himself face to face with Pierrot the hunter and Nepeese, the sharp-eyed girl who had shot him in the edge of the clearing.

It was Nepeese whom he saw first. If it had been Pierrot, he would have turned back quickly. But again the blood in his forehead was rousing strange tremblings within him. Was it like this that the first woman had looked to Kazan?

Baree stood still. Nepeese was not more than twenty feet from him. She sat on a rock, full in the early morning sun, and was brushing out her wonderful hair. Her lips parted. Her eyes shone in an instant like stars. One hand remained poised, weighted with the jet bracelets. She recognized him. She saw the white star on his breast and the white tip on his ear, and under her breath she whispered, "Uchi moosia!"—The dog-pup! "It was the wild dog she had shot—and thought had died!"

The evening before Pierrot and Nepeese had built a shelter of balsams behind the big rock, and on a small white plot of sand Pierrot was kneeling over a fire preparing breakfast while the Willow arranged her balsam.

He raised his head to speak to her, and saw Baree. In that instant the spell was broken. Baree saw the man-beast as he rose to his feet. Like a shot he was gone.

Scarcely swifter was he than Nepeese.

"Depechez vous, mon pere!" he cried. "It is the dog-pup! Quick!"

In the floating cloud of her hair she sped after Baree like the wind. Pierrot followed, and in going he caught up his rifle. It was difficult for him to catch up with the Willow. She was like a wild spirit, her little moccasined feet scarcely touching the sand as she ran up the long bar. It was wonderful to see the lithe swiftness of her, and that wonderful hair streaming out in the sun! Even now, in this moment's excitement, it made Pierrot think of McTaggart, the Hudson Bay company's factor over at Lac Bain, and what he had said yesterday. Half the night Pierrot had lain awake, gritting his teeth at thought of it; and this morning, before Baree ran upon them, he had looked at Nepeese more closely than ever before in his life. She was beautiful. She was lovelier even than Wyola, her princess mother, who was dead. That hair—which made men stare as if they could not believe—those eyes—like pools filled with wonderful starlight! Her "siliness" that was like a flower! And McTaggart had said—

Floating back to him there came an excited cry.

"Hurry, Nootaw! He has turned into the blind canyon. He cannot escape us now."

She was panting when he came up to her. The French blood in her glowed a vivid crimson in her cheeks and lips. Her white teeth gleamed like milk.

"In there!" And she pointed.

They went in.

Ahead of them Baree was running for his life. He sensed instinctively the fact that these wonderful two-legged beings he had looked upon were all-powerful. And they were after him! He could hear them. Nepeese was following almost as swiftly as he could run. Suddenly he turned into a cleft between two great rocks. Twenty feet in his way was barred. And he ran back. When he darted out straight up the canyon, Nepeese was not a dozen yards behind him, and he saw Pierrot almost at her side. The Willow gave a cry.

"Mama—mama—there he is!"

She caught her breath, and darted after a couple of young bullocks where Baree had disappeared. Like a great entangling web Pierrot had impeded her in the brush and with an encouraging cry to Pierrot she stopped to gather it over her shoulder as he ran past her. She lost only a moment on the way, and was after him. Fifty yards ahead of her Pierrot gave a warning shout. Baree had turned. Almost in the same breath he was tearing over his back trail directly toward the Willow. He did not see her in time to stop or swerve aside, and Nepeese lunged herself down in his path. For an instant—or two—they were together.

Baree felt the smother of her hair and the clutch of her hands. Then he squirmed away and darted again toward the blind end of the canyon.

Nepeese sprang to her feet. She was panting and laughing. Pierrot came back wildly, and the Willow pointed beyond him.

"I had him—and he didn't bite!" she said, breathing swiftly. She still pointed to the end of the canyon, and she said again: "I had him—and he didn't bite me, Nootaw."

That was the wonder of it. She had been reckless—and Baree had not bitten her! It was then, with her eyes shining at Pierrot, and the smile fading slowly from her lips, that she spoke softly the word "Baree"—whom she now knew meant "the wild dog—a little brother of the wolf."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

FRESHENING BREEZES

What has become of the old-fashioned housewife who used to find few gallons of cider to turn into vinegar about this season of the year?

The week's best fiction story: "One million will be turned back to the counties during 1918."

The Wisconsin scientist who claims we inherited our laziness has started a discussion that won't be settled until the janitor has a grown-up son.

A good definition of an ideal springtime is to have warm weather come while we still have a little coat.

The old-fashioned hosiery advertisement seemed a trifle bold, but now they don't tell half the story.

Absent legislators prevented two measures from becoming laws during the closing hours of the special session. If the boys had only thought of that to begin with.

However, until we hear where some country legislator lost all his clothes we won't believe the governor got everything he wanted.

Two Detroit men are planning on a trip around the world in twenty days, the start to be made some time during June. To accomplish this feat it will be necessary for them to be about the same rate of speed as exhibited by the legislators in getting out of Lansing at the close of the special session.

Maybe the governor could have gotten farther with his road-building campaign if he'd started out as a contractor.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who had to have a trunk while traveling?

The old-fashioned gent who used to predict the end of the world now has a son who assures dad that anything is likely to happen in a trillion years.

Hip disease these days may mean anything from a broken neck to delirium tremens.

Now that the state is broke that ought to make it unanimous.

If winter continues to linger much longer in the lap of spring we can see where another world scandal is likely to start.

After all is said and done the wet and dry question will remain with us as long as there is any danger of rainy weather during the golf season.

CARE PREVENTS REPAIRS

By Erwin Greer, president Greer College of Automotive Engineering, Chicago.

Seventy per cent of ignition grief is caused by neglect.

"Laugh that off, you fellows who are always having electrical troubles with your cars."

And preventing trouble in the electrical equipment of a motor car is merely a matter of attending to the small things, as elsewhere in life. Surely you don't need the services of an ignition expert to supply proper lubricant to the generator and starter bearings, nor to tighten loose connections, nor to tape a frayed wire. Ignore these little things, and car grief is bound to result.

More than this the electrical unit has a language of its own which

ANOTHER SUPPLY OF

Famous Crabb Chocolates

direct from the
Kandy Kitchen
at the
popular price
per pound of

39c

A Good Drug Store in a Good Town

MAC & GIDLEY

Grayling, Michigan

The Rexall Store

PHONE 18

Local News

THURSDAY, APRIL 22ND, 1948

Albert Charron is driving a new

Flint sedan.

Miss Maxine Collens is enjoying a

new Ford roadster.

The new Fruit Laxative; Bog's

Rolls have arrived.

Central Drug Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Hanson spent the week end in Detroit.

Al. Cramer is in Lewiston for a few days doing some plumbing.

Miss Grace Nelson is assisting

clerk in the A. & P. company store.

Mrs. R. D. Bailey returned Tuesday

from Gaylord after a few days visit

with relatives.

We sell Stock, Poultry, Dog and

Cat remedies. Also Fish and Dog

food. Central Drug Store.

New line of Spring shades in ladies

and children's hoseery at the Gift

Shop. Redson & Cooley.

SHOES
AT
Wholesale
Prices

We have about 200 pairs of Shoes, Slippers and Oxfords for men, women and children that will be sold at cost.

These Slippers and Oxfords are all good styles but they are odd lots, with two or three pair of each style, and some of these slippers have not been in the store for 30 days yet.

For men and boys we have a lot of both dress and work shoes and oxfords to go at cost.

EXTRA SPECIAL BARGAINS on Boys' Shoes from 5 to 12 years. Come in and see them.

We have two or three lots of Farm Shoes with 8 and 10 inch tops, to go at cost prices. These Shoes and Slippers will be on sale until sold.

Don't forget that we have a complete line of

HOSIERY

at very reasonable prices.

Olson's Shoe Store

Headquarters for better Shoes for less money



Why Bother Cooking

Lima Beans

Cooking Lima Beans is at best a long and tedious work. Why do it, when you can buy them almost ready to serve, packed in convenient sized tins.

PHONE 25

H. PETERSEN
Grocer

Fred Smith of Alpena was in the city Wednesday on business.

Eggs for setting. Purchased White Rock.

T. P. Peterson is driving a new Ford Tudor sedan.

Hans Petersen has just installed a new radio in his home.

Grant E. Salisbury of Bay City was in the city Monday on business.

Miss Martha Weir spent the week end at her home in West Branch.

We have a full line of Mother's Day cards. Carl W. Peterson, Jewel.

Mother's Day Greeting cards for everyone in the family at Peterson's Jewelry store.

Mrs. Fred Hartman of Eldorado is in Mercy hospital where she is recovering from a minor operation.

The R. D. Connine grocery is displaying a brand-new awning, which was put up Wednesday afternoon.

The Ryno school, located between Luverne and Mio on M-33, was destroyed by fire last week Thursday.

Dr. and Mrs. C. J. McCann went to Charlevoix Saturday to drive back their car. They returned Monday.

Frank Tetu has delivered a Chevrole coach to Walter Dorch and a coupe of the same make to Ernest Olson.

Our butter is delicious and always fresh. Your grocer has it or you may get it at the Grayling Creamery. We deliver.

Mrs. Holger Peterson, assisted by Mrs. Ben Landsberg entertained St. Mary's Altar society yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Georgia Shippy of Bellaire is the guest of her daughter Mable, at the home of Mrs. Harry Hun this week.

Wilbur Davis of West Branch drove up Friday to play at the "Barn Dance" with Schram's Ramblers that evening.

R. D. Bailey returned Saturday from a several days stay in Petoskey where he attended a county agents' meeting.

R. Buelmann of Traverse City is the express man during the absence of Eugene Darveau, who is taking a week's vacation.

Mrs. August Grundman of Eldorado has been in Mercy hospital for the past week, leaving Wednesday for Chicago to visit her daughter.

T. E. Douglas, local Nash dealer, and his son Edgar and Carl Johnson left the first of the week for Kenosha, Wisconsin to drive back three new Nash cars.

Remember MOTHER on her day, May 9th. We have cards and candy that will make her happy! Also a special Victor album with 3 records.

Central Drug Store.

The young people of the Danish lutheran church held their regular meeting last Thursday evening at Danebod hall. After readings by Rev. Kjolhede, lunch was served in the basement.

Mr. and Mrs. Angus McCauley, and baby of West Branch returned to their home Wednesday after spending a couple of days visiting at the home of the latter's parents Mr. and Mrs. James Cameron.

John Erkes, who is employed by the state military department and who has been in Lansing for the winter, has returned to Grayling to resume his duties at the military reservation for the summer months.

Fourteen ladies and gentlemen surprised Mrs. Oscar Schumann Saturday evening, the occasion being her birthday. The affair had been planned by her daughters, Miss Helen and Mary Esther, and was very pleasant carried out.

The Home Hygiene classes are having examinations this week. May 10th will be the last meeting of the class, when we will go over the papers and take up discussion of any salt points of interest or answer any questions not fully clear.

We have nice fresh butter for sale. Phone 513, or order it at your grocer's.

Grayling Creamery.

Miss Ingoborg Hanson was hostess to a few lady friends last Thursday evening in honor of her birthday anniversary. Cards and contests were enjoyed, the prizes being awarded to Miss Margrethe Jenson and Miss Isa Granger. The hostess served a delicious lunch.

Boyd J. Funsch and James Crane of Eldorado were in Grayling Wednesday where the latter was in consultation with the local physicians. Boyd says this has been some winter and they are glad to be able to get to town. They came via truck lines. 33, 76, and 14. The cross country roads are not yet open.

Mrs. Ollie McLeod and the Misses Sheehy entertained twelve friends at the home of the former Monday evening. Three tables of "500" were arranged. Mrs. Walter Nadeau and Walfred Laurent holding the high scores and Mrs. Harold Rasmussen and Wm. Herle winning consolations. A lovely two-course lunch was served on small tables attractively set.

Word has been received here of the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Singer, who will be remembered as Miss Elizabeth Karpus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Stephan Karpus of Bay City, formerly of Grayling. Death took place at St. Mary's hospital in Detroit April 18th, following an operation. Besides her parents, the deceased is survived by several brothers and sisters. The funeral was held in Bay City.

The Good Fellowship club ladies and their husbands enjoyed a fine not luck dinner at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Sigvald Hanson Monday evening. After dinner a most interesting sketch by Mrs. Olaf Michelson on her trip to the West Indies was read by Mrs. Chas. Tromble, and many interesting incidents added by Henry Baumann, who also has made the trip. The remainder of the evening was spent playing bridge and bingo. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Gillett holding high score for bridge and Miss Harrison and Sigvald Hanson for bingo.

You are cordially invited to shop around in the newest store in town Peterson's Jewelry Store.

Real Fruit Orange and Lemon drinks made on our Sunkist extractor are the best spring tonic.

Central Drug Store.

See Hathaway for paper hanging and painting. All work guaranteed.

43-3

Frank Tetu and P. L. Brown made a business trip to West Branch Thursday.

John Brun left Sunday night for Detroit to be gone a few days in business.

Miss Coletta Smith spent the week end visiting her parents in West Branch.

Give Mother an appropriate gift from the Peterson Jewelry store on Her Day.

Miss Lillian Ziebell left Friday afternoon to spend several days with friends in Detroit.

Miss Lucille Hanson left Thursday afternoon for Detroit to spend several days visiting friends.

William Green returned to Detroit Saturday afternoon after spending a few days with his family here.

Mrs. Thomas Trudo and son Albert drove to Caro Sunday to take little Donna Roberts to her home there.

Jarnac moist Rouge, Complexion cream and Face Powder at Central Drug Store.

We will have vanilla, chocolate and maple nut flavors in ice cream next Sunday. Grayling Creamery.

Mrs. Clarence Brown spent the week end visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodruff in Bay City.

Paper hanging and painting. Wall paper, 4 cents per roll and up. Estimating C. Hathaway. 4-8-3

Miss Marguerite Richards of Freeland was in town Friday, coming to attend the "Barn Dance" that evening.

Arnold Burrows returned Saturday morning from Lansing where he had spent a couple of days visiting his mother, who is ill.

There will be a special meeting of Grayling Chapter O. E. S. No. 33 on Friday evening, April 23rd. Installation of officers.

A son, Jack Herle, was born to Mr. and Mrs. Frank Karnes Thursday.

April 15th. Mother and babe are getting along nicely.

L. H. Chamberlain returned Friday from Detroit where he had spent a few days visiting his wife who is receiving treatment in a hospital there.

Mrs. Thomas Trudo and granddaughter Donna Roberts returned Friday afternoon from Afton where they had spent a couple of days with relatives.

Jappe Smith.

The Otsego County Board of Supervisors met and re-elected Charles Matustic chairman of the board for the third consecutive year. Out of the thirteen supervisors representing the county on the board, there were six new members.

We wish to thank the public for the patronage accorded us last season and solicit a continuance of same again this season. Come and see us.

Jappe Smith.

Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Trudeau, Jr. of Ithaca and Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence Roberts of Portland drove in Saturday evening and are spending several days at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Trudeau, Sr.

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The "Jolly Eight" club was entertained Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Alvin Goff. Mrs. Minnie Benson won first prize, consolation going to Mrs. Joseph Kornsky.

The hostess served a delicious lunch.

Mrs. George Alexander was hostess at a delightful luncheon given for the ladies of the Bridge club Saturday afternoon. Snapdragons were beautifully arranged as table decorations.

Mrs. Oscar Hanson won the high score.

Wm. Mosher, who last year purchased the old damaged home of the former Mrs. Mary E. Knight, is tearing it down. He says he hasn't decided just what he will do with the fine corner lot. At least, he says, he is going to make the place a lot more attractive looking. He seems to have no patience with people who fail to keep their homes and yards in good order.

Forrest A. Lord, former owner of the Otsego Herald Times, has purchased the controlling interest in the leading farm paper in Florida, located at Jacksonville, and he and his family left for that city last Saturday.

Mr. Lord has had a great deal of experience in editing farm papers, as he was one of the organizers of the Michigan Business Farmer, and

was editor-in-chief of that publication for a number of years.

Effective April 25th, there will be a change of time on the Michigan Central train schedule, as follows:

No. 207, early morning train from the

203, afternoon train from the south

will arrive at 1:40 P. M.; No. 202,

midnight train going south, will arrive at 12:05 A. M. and leave at 1:05

A. M.; No. 208 going south, will arrive at 2:15 P. M. and leave at 2:20 P. M. The two canyon-hull trains Nos. 157 and 158 will be discontinued.

Your gift problem can be easily solved at the Peterson Jewelry Store.

Try Whitman's hot chocolate at our fountain. We also sell the powders you can make your own.

Central Drug Store.

The girls are divided into groups of twenty each. Miss Cecile Harris is in charge of the senior group. Miss Alice Harrison, Miss Martha Weir, Miss Winifred McLean have each taken a junior group.

Campfire is an organized effort to find romance, beauty, and adventure in every day life. It seeks to develop the home spirit and make it dominate the life of the entire community through both personal and community service.

Perhaps it can be summed up by saying that Campfire girls is an organization of girls who want to make life as splendid as possible. It is a group of girls who do things.

Spring is here, and with it comes the desire for out of door activities.

Realizing this, about eighty girls

have organized as Campfire girls.

which is a national society.

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Farm Bureau Notes

R. D. Bailey, Co. Agricultural Agent



R. D. Bailey, Co. Agricultural Agent and "fixing up" when he was "poor as Job's turkey."

Let's Dress Up!

Though we are shivering on account of the cold winds, yet we know well enough that spring is not far away. Nature will soon be dressing up and will look bewitchingly pretty as green grass spreads everywhere, and as the delicate green of new leaves on the woods gives one the impression of looking into a green mist of inexplicable beauty.

Let us dress up, too. Let us do our part, let us help change the drab, dull landscape into something good to look at.

We Need More Beauty

All over our county, anyone who tries to be fair minded, will readily admit that we need more beauty and things that beautify. This well applies to town and country homes. How few "fixed up" yards there are on our farms! How few, too, in Frederic and Grayling.

Those few that are adorned with the graded and well-kept lawn, with a few well placed spirea and barberry bushes, re-inforced by a few well placed trees are outstanding. They attract attention. They attract favorable attention and lift one's estimate of the owners or occupants.

The Shivers

The barrenness of many home grounds, in both town and country, enough to give an observant person one instinctively feels: "How can they stand it to let a place, a home, go looking like that, year after year?"

We Feel Better

It has been observed in many instances that grading the lawn, sowing it to grass, keeping it neat, placing half a dozen or a dozen shrubs, planting half a dozen trees, had their beneficial effect upon the whole family.

The mother felt new hope, her work seemed lighter. The children felt new pride in the home and in themselves. They kept themselves neater. They left fewer things lying around the yard.

The father has been known to show more pride in his appearance when he went to town, more pride in the appearance of his team, more pride in the appearance of his barn and yard, more pride in the appearance of fences and fence rows.

We Work Better

"Tidying up" is well known to have its beneficial effect upon the mind. Many can testify to that.

The writer can state positively that a shave, putting in a new pair of shoe strings, pulling the breeches up snug with a better pair of suspenders, a bath or a hair cut, all have had their effect on the finish he would put on a field and on the appearance of

things he would be content to work with. The satisfying glance on the way from house to barn, at the lawn, the spires, the woodbine on the porch, the raked yard, made him manage better all day.

How can a woman have heart to go on, year after year, with endless meals, dish washing, family washing and all the rest of the endless round, with not a flower to cheer, not a thing of beauty around the house, nothing to see but a reeling front-entries, untidy yard, pig pen and slovenly barn yard?

Will Scott, who used to live east of Gaylord, always had everything neat—neat door yard, neat barn yard, neat fields, neat fences, neat loads of logs, neat loads of wood, neat lap robe, neat blankets on his team, neat wood piles, neat harnesses, neat clothes on the farm, and in town shaved, finger nails trimmed, clothes brush, shoes shined when he came to town. He was a good seller. The very baskets of eggs and the rolls of butter he delivered from the house looked better than the other fellow's. He began all this practice of neatness

HOME, DAD AND THE BOY

By FRANK H. CHELEY

Real Dads Win

BECAUSE They Have a Clear Conception of what they are trying to accomplish with their sons by way of training, so that every day's activity is used as definite construction material.

Because They Never Try to Bluff their boys—they know it is useless, for-at-hands themselves they were always shrewd detectors of all hypocrisy and despised it.

Because They Recognize that even boys have rights which should be respected even by fathers. For this consideration, the boys are always most grateful.

Because They Realize Fully That No One, no matter how good his intentions, can so satisfactorily interpret the Fatherhood of God to boys, as to make plain to them the real message of his Elder Brother, the Man of Galilee, as a good father, and so set themselves to the task of religious education.

Because They Believe That Direct Fun is the most effective antidote for evil thoughts and temptations, and so help the boys to keep everlastingly busy and happy at some worth while thing, even participating themselves as time will permit.

"A REGULAR DAD IS..."



Michigan Happenings

According to a resolution adopted recently the board of supervisors of Monroe, will hereafter meet the second Tuesday in April, the third Monday the following week; the third Monday in June, with a recess until Tuesday in July, August and September; the second Mondays in October and December; the third Mondays in January and February, and the second Monday in March. The board may also meet on special dates, upon notice decided by the chairman or five members of the board. The number of days the board may meet during the year is not more than 25.

Construction of the proposed new city jail for Lansing is expected to receive a decided impetus by the action of the state health and the welfare department in recommending to Governor Alex J. Groesbeck the pardoning of the 51 prisoners who were serving five-day sentences for violation of a state law in attending a nude party in a local hall. Previous to July 17, 1928, representatives of the State Welfare Commission inspected the jail and in a letter to Mayor Alfred Doughty, recommended that steps be taken to alleviate conditions.

A mile and a quarter underground, the deepest telephone in the world, has been installed at Tamarack Shaft No. 5 of the Calumet & Hecla Consolidated Mining Co. property at Calumet. The line connecting the telephone far down in the shaft, with the C. & H. Exchange is a huge perpendicular cable, weighing one and one-half pounds to the foot—the equipment was placed in commission by the company's electrical department, assisted by the Michigan Bell Telephone Co. office there.

The Michigan route of the James Whitcomb Riley Memorial Highway is to be from the Indiana line via M-13 to Fife Lake Corners, then by the new and undesignated United States route, M-31, connecting M-13 and M-11 by M-11 to the Straits of Mackinac.

Recent attempts by the Wheaton Fish company's tor. Roberts, to break through the ice bridge which has formed at the foot of Lake Huron, were without success. The captain reports the ice is 10 feet deep with no possibility of breaking up without a heavy south wind. The St. Clair river is blocked with heavy ice.

to a point north of Marine City.

To save the wheels and tires of the Marine City fire truck, the city council has ordered that the truck shall not travel at a speed greater than 25 miles an hour on paved streets nor at a speed of more than 20 miles an hour on unpaved streets

by decreasing the speed of the truck, the city will save at least \$300 a year, city official estimate.

Birmingham's business offices will move into new quarters early next month, when alterations now being made on the building at Place and Martin streets will be completed. The new offices will be only temporary, for the erection of civic buildings will be started as soon as the village can acquire the rest of the property on the same block.

The Newaygo County Bank, a private institution of White Cloud, of which B. C. Slickles is president, has closed its doors because of financial difficulties. Depositors held a meeting and voted in favor of having the railroad "Whale no official state

order of humanity!" Everything about the bank tells that story. It has been said of many a man that "he buildeth better than he knoweth." If so, it was because he built in harmony with the central spirit and purpose of his life—if the man had no central spirit or purpose, save to hoard up a few dollars, then whatever he built was out of harmony and proportion, thrown together as we often see.

As farmers come to a larger measure of understanding they will see that every farm is in reality a living center of "spirit and purpose." It has an object, the best expression of that object, the most harmonious and most efficient, is after all the real business of the farmer.

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order of humanity!" Everything about the bank tells that story. It has been said of many a man that "he buildeth better than he knoweth." If so, it was because he built in harmony with the central spirit and purpose of his life—if the man had no central spirit or purpose, save to hoard up a few dollars, then whatever he built was out of harmony and proportion, thrown together as we often see.

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